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P96

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ALUMNI ASSOCIATION
PRICE TEN CENTS

"What fools these mortals be!"

PROPERTY.
DO NOT TAKE FROM ALUMNI ROOM.

Puck

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VETERANS OF THE LATE WAR.



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PUCK
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A. H. FOLWELL, Editor

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"What Fools These Mortals Be!"

HOW CARELESSLY we use our verbs! For example, we still say that New York is "represented" in the Senate by Platt and Depew.

MESSRS. BAILEY, Tillman and Chandler thank the President most heartily for his kind invitation, but regret that, owing to previous engagements, they will be unable to spend the Summer at Oyster Bay.

AS HE whirls around in the "simple home wedding" that is set out for him, who will blame Alfonso if he yearns to sneak off to the City Hall and be quietly spliced by the alderman of his district?

WE ARE a thrifty, hard-working class, said the Maharaja of Baroda, speaking of India; we have energy and we are trying, but as yet we have not learned to advertise. Well, the way to begin is to begin. Let the steep sides of the Himalayas be adorned with such epigrams as "Chew Cudcud Gum — It Sweetens the Breath," or "For that thirsty feeling, drink Jagg's Souseparilla." Wake up, India, and be modern.

A LIVE OKAPI has been captured in Africa. Its color scheme includes yellow, white, chestnut, red, pale cream, purple and black. Many convivial gentlemen have doubtless seen an okapi, but didn't know its name.

DIGGING for graft in the Pennsylvania railroad management, the Interstate Commerce Commission may any day expect to hear that it is interfering with "the conservative business interests."

IT WAS the parrot, you remember, that said: "I know what's the matter with me; I talk too much." There is a gentleman in Syracuse who reminds us of that parrot.

SAN FRANCISCO can be rebuilt, but the burnt over forests of Michigan can never be replaced.

"I WONDER if it's loaded," says the Czar, as he squints down the barrel of the Duma.

VESUVIUS is covered with clouds. It is calm.—*Daily paper.*
All's quiet, too—for a minute—along the Potomac.

GERMAN WRITERS in commenting on the failure of German athletes in the Olympian games at Athens assert that the chief cause of the low standard of their physical achievements is the beer drinking habit.—*Berlin Despatch.*

Still, it would be difficult to beat the German athletes at their own games, such as: Lifting the stein, putting the Wiener Wurst, coloring the meerschau, throwing the umlaut, vat-diving, pretzel-throwing and long-distance prosit.

THE LITTLES the things which grave men fall out over, the bigger the spectacle they make of themselves. This accounts for the space some heresy trials get in the newspapers.

THE ZULUS fell to the ground in terror when, in the shape of a British searchlight, "God's eye" was turned on them in wrath." Would n't it be heartrending if the lime-light ever affected an actor that way!

BISHOP FALLOWS of Chicago advises his fellow-clergymen to model themselves on the daily paper, to become "alert, quick and snappy." Would n't it be a good idea, Bishop, to add a Sunday comic supplement?

SIDNEY BROOKS, the English observer, avers that the vote of New York City is "one of grandiose provincialism." Pretty good guess, Sidney.

VISITING CARDS of iron are popular, we read, in Europe, the name being printed in silver. What a satisfaction to hurl one's visiting card through the parlor window in response to the servant's brazen "Not at home."



THE THRONE OF SPAIN.



"SMOKING ONLY ON THE THREE REAR SEATS."

APARTMENT HOUSES.

OUR guide was showing us the new apartment houses in the great city.

"Over here," he announced through his megaphone, "we have 'Bonaparte Court.' This, ladies and gentlemen, is occupied by the middle-class."

"Ah, indeed!" we exclaimed. "And what is that other rather imposing structure called?"

"'Piccadilly Court.' Occupied by people a little better off in the world's goods than those in Bonaparte Court."

"And that grand building to the left?"

"'King's Court.' Occupied by only the wealthy."

"Wonderful! But how about that extraordinary model of architecture with Cupids shooting broken arrows at iron hearts?"

"Oh, that is 'Divorce Court.' Occupied by the ultra-smart set."

THE STATUTE OF LIMITATIONS.

THE statute of limitations, as its name implies, is designed to discourage and do away with those limitations of mind and heart which render a scoundrel unable to cover up his tracks for a few years. It has a tendency to weed out the inferior scoundrels and to assist, thus, in the survival of the fittest, which is the law of nature.

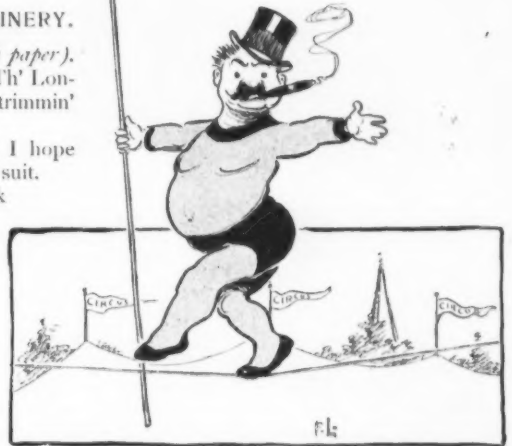
On the whole, the statute of limitations abolishes more outlawry, probably, than any other statute ever devised by man, and with less friction.

Many statutes are forgotten, in the hurly-burly of business, and suffered to become dead letters, but the statute of limitations is not one of these. On the contrary, it seems rather to grow in use day by day, showing that it is possessed of extraordinary virtue.

PERISHABLE MILLINERY.

MRS. HOGAN (*with paper*). — Glory be! Th' London milliners do be trimmin' hats wid *rare* fruit!

MR. HOGAN. — Troth, I hope th' American milliners folly suit. Iv they do, Mary Ann, think av plwat bargains in hats ye 'll be able to git av a late Sathurday noight!



EQUALLY PAINFUL.

"HUH! What do you know about war? Did you ever hurl yourself into the 'imminent, deadly breach' or 'seek the bubble reputation, even in the cannon's mouth'?"

"Well, no; not exactly. Not to any noticeable extent. But I have taken home unexpected company to dinner."

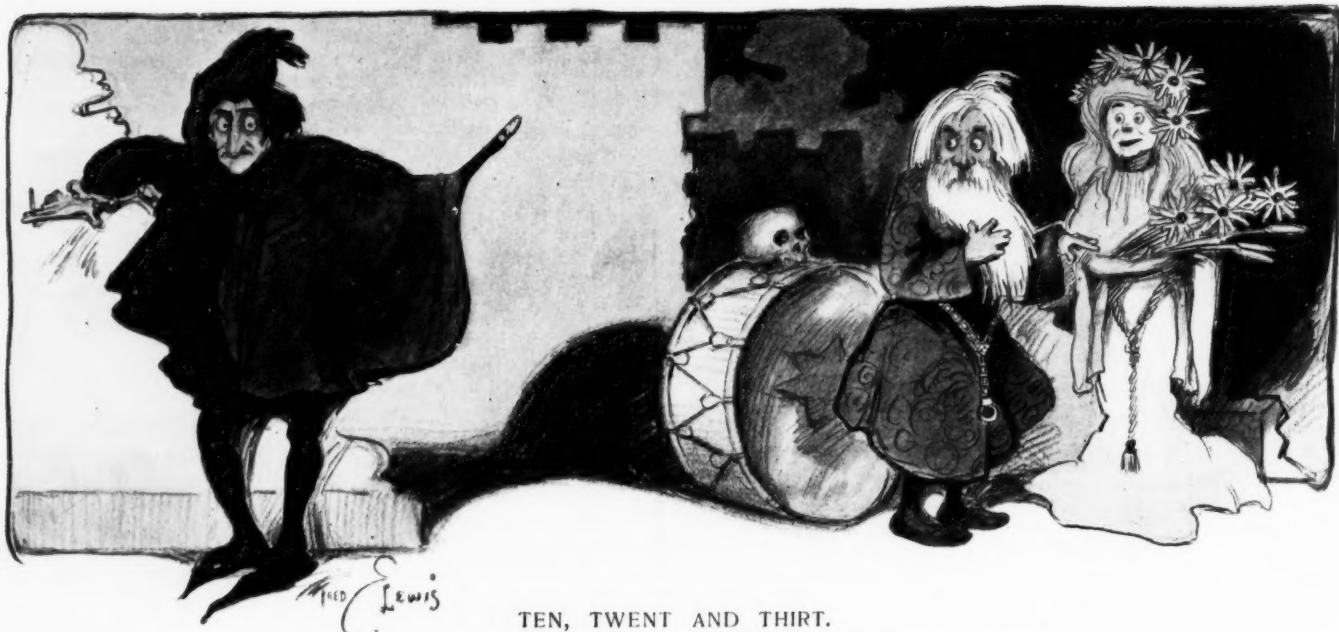
To be born great involves responsibility; to achieve greatness requires effort, and to have greatness thrust upon one generally results in embarrassment.



THE IMPENDING STRIKE.

PRESIDENT ROOSTER (*of the Barnyard Grievance Committee*). — No, b'gee, we don't care *what* you've advertised, or *how* many boarders are comin' here. We demand an eight-hour day for egg-layers, with extra feed for overtime, and the abolition of poultry dinners on Sunday!

PUCK



TEN, TWENTY AND THIRTY.

POLONIUS.—So Hamlet got rattled and forgot his lines, did he? Have to be prompted?
OPHELIA.—No. He struggled through, and spoke of "that bourne to which they issue no excursion tickets."

THE AUTOMOBILE IN FICTION.

(From the *Hecktown, N. J., Sentinel*.)



WE ARE forty-seven years old our last birthday, and we have seen changes and vicissitudes and warnings and Signs of the Times *ad lib.* for forty-seven years of that forty-seven years. But we have never seen anything raising its hydra head to poison American Literature and surcharge the breath and being of Letters like unto the oderiferous, pestiferous, maddening, materialistic, gasoline-spurting automobile. This same has teuf-teufed its way into the pages of our poets and honeycombed the utterances of our literary oracles from Franklin Square to Chatham Square: it has devastated the fair white pages of our noblest and our most reeking novelists alike, and has found its way into the temples of art. An Automobile Stranded in a bookseller's show-window, we are informed, is a common sight on Broadway, New York.

The love-story that has n't an auto in it is coldly thrust aside by the up-to-date editor, and the automobile that has n't a love-story in it is looked upon with suspicion by the beasts of the field and the festive farmer, who leaps high in the air at the approach of the "Honk! Honk!" machine.

For one thing, we, in our humble, homely sanctum, are wondrously thankful. We have a little, old, worm-eaten, measly, warped board-shelf that has been in the office as long as ourself: upon this little, old, homely shelf reposes a volume of stage-coaching reminiscences. It is entitled "Pickwick Papers." Beside it is a little tale called "Vanity Fair." The automobile is not mentioned in either of these out-of-date books. The only possible use we can conceive of its having been put to, would have been to take Mr. Pickwick and Mrs. Bardell a-touring; or to have

helped certain parties get out of town in a hurry when there was unhealthful excitement near Brussels one historical evening. And then it probably would have busted or skidded. We hope so.

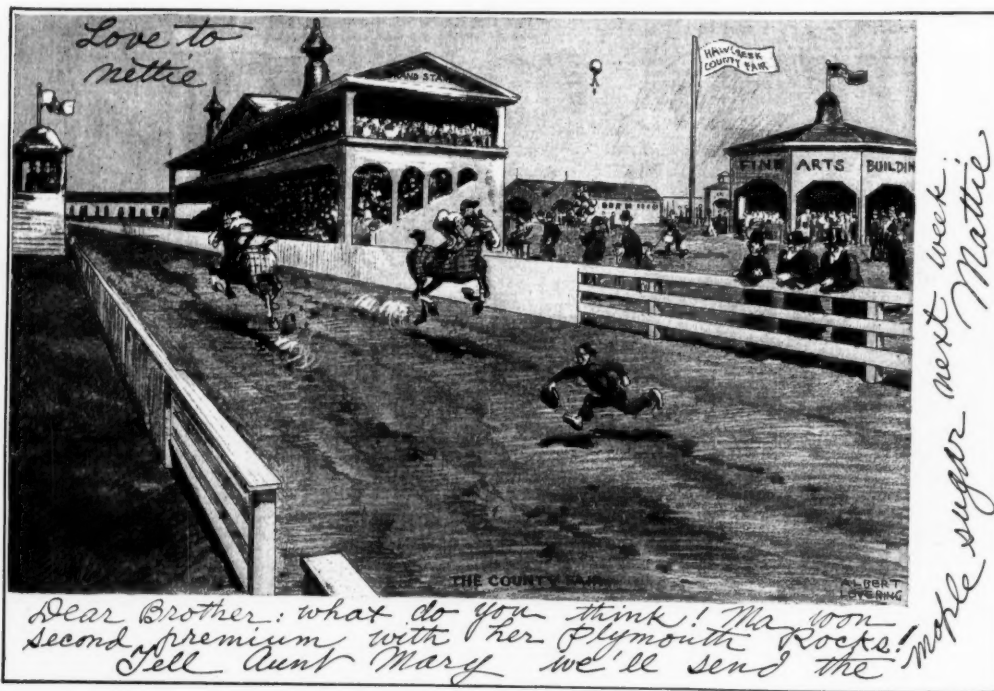
Say! what a death's head chauffeur Uriah Heep would have made!

Fred Ladd.

INTERRUPTED.

NOT a great while ago Love was engaged in robbing some honest people of their peace of mind, when a loud knock sounded at the door.

"Poverty, of course!" cried Love, in the utmost vexation, and flew out of the window, leaving his booty behind him.



Dear Brother: what do you think! Ma won Second premium with her Plymouth Rocks! Tell Aunt Mary we'll send the

maple sugar next week Mattie

PUCK'S SOUVENIR POSTALS.

Carefully Designed for Anyold Town and Guaranteed.

The only fault to be found with a man who likes to stay at home nights is that usually he marries a woman who does n't.



HORATIUS AT THE BRIDGE.

A PLAIN DEDUCTION.

THE CHEERFUL LOSER (*coming from the races*).—By George!
The racing game is the greatest ever!
THE NEAR-WINNER.—Humph! How do you make that out?
THE CHEERFUL LOSER.—Why, you can't beat it!

THE LITTLE THINGS.

DESPISE not small things. You should know
The value of their fruits.
If you through life would cheerful go,
Despise not small things. You should know
Great oaks from little acorns grow,
From remnants, bathing suits!
Despise not small things. You should know
The value of their fruits.

SHOCKING.

SHE suffers a mysterious pain,
and the doctors are going
to operate."
"What do they suspect?"
"Why, the symptoms seem to
indicate that the coats of her
stomach are out of style. Of
course they intimate nothing of
this to her, for fear of the shock
it might give her."

HIS SINECURE.

THE FARMER.—My son Reuben,
who's in Noo York, tells me
there's a bank down there that
keeps open day an' night.
THE STOREKEEPER (*turning to
his clerk*).—Hear thet, Jason?
An' sometimes yew growl becuz
yew have tew work only frum
6 a. m. tew 10 p. m.

THE DAY IT RAINED.

THE LANDS were parched and
dry. The grass was withered
and the tall corn-stalks bowed their
sun-browned heads and seemed to cry
for moisture. The river beds showed
signs of dust and the streams and springs
were unmarked by even a drop of water.
The farmers were in despair.
The clouds refused to sprinkle their precious drops of rain on the land
and rapidly the crops were becoming ruined. Rain-makers were em-
ployed without success. Every effort was seemingly exhausted when
relief came and the rain fell. The village church had given a picnic.

THE ETERNAL QUESTION.

ANOTHER VIEW.



A BAD DAY FOR BOOKS.

"I kind o' hate to tell you, Mr. Glibb," said the landlord of the Pruntytown tavern, addressing the book agent who visited the hamlet now and again. "You're a nice sort of feller and play such a plague-taked interesting game of checkers that I dislike to have to inform you that it's my opinion that you won't be able to do much in the way of selling books here this trip. Probably you've noticed all them nice but considerably fluttered-looking ladies that have been streaking past here for the last half hour or so—there goes three more of 'em now! They are on their, as you might call it, unanimous way to the Sewing Circle, where they will make much-needed garments for the heathen and unmake a lady whose husband shuffled off this mortal coil, as they describe it in stories, some six months ago, by falling off'n the barn roof publicly and in full sight of

a funeral procession that was passing at the time. She lately confided to her dearest friend that at the earliest opportunity she was going to have a certain wart burnt off her arm, which I am pleased to say is a quite pleasingly plump one, too, so's she can wear a short-sleeved gown at the firemen's grand ball, week after next. As she has gone over to Whillerville to-day to have it done, and as this is the first time her friends have had an opportunity of getting together without her presence, and as they have already reached the conclusion that there is something v-e-r-y p-e-c-u-l-i-a-r about her action, I hardly think the time is propitious for you to expect to interest 'em to any great extent in your cook book, even if it has been indorsed by the editor of the Ladieshome-whatdoyoucallit and many of the crowned heads of Europe."

MEMORIAL DAY, À LA MODE.



OLDIER, soldier, deep in the grave,
Whether thy name be blazoned brave,
Or the head-stone bears no name,
Haste we now with our tribute due,
Haste we now with these flowers to you,
Haste! or we miss the game.

Honoring rites shall mark the day
From border unto border;
The laurel crown and the wreath of bay—
What is the batting order?

Vours was the work and ours the trust,
Ours to cherish the sacred dust,
For the soul has found its maker;
The nation gathers in praise of you;
(The stands are packed and the bleachers, too;
The crowd is a record-breaker.)

Tribute of blossom and song and speech
Fresh from the heart of the people burst,
And that man, Swipes, has an awful reach
Who is playing to-day on first.

Wherever the flag droops, drop a tear,
(Maybe we 'll capture the flag this year,)
A tear and a fragrant blossom;
Duty or death, they asked not which!
I'm glad that O'Hooligan 's going to pitch,
For, oh, how he can toss 'em!

Bitten by bullet and torn by shell,
How can our debt be reckoned?
But green is the field whereon they fell
And Dugan is playing second!

Edmund Vance Cooke.



IN THE WOODS.

"BY JOVE! I saw what appeared to be a two-headed calf, in the woods."
"Oh, one was his girl's head, probably."



NATURAL.

"Say, Daddy, are those the storks that bring the little Jewish babies?"

UNFLATTERING UNANIMITY.

"Well-uh, muh bruddren and muh sistahs, I 's sho'ly glad of dis opportunity to vociferate what great things salvation has done did for me!" earnestly said Brother Quackenboss, rising in his place in the midst of the experience meeting. "Yo'all reorganizes dat befo' I seed de urror of muh ways and turned into de straight and norrer way I was de most mizzable of critters, uh-wallerin' in de mire of 'nickerity and de sass-pole of sin! Uh-yas, muh friends! I trembles yit at de awful pomposity of muh beenyusness, for twell de light broke in on muh soul I was one o' de most low-down, disintegrated, contaminated sinners dat ever cucumbered de yearth, and —"

"Amen! Aa-a-men! Hallelooyer! Dat 's so, Brudder! Dat 's de troof!" arose a chorus of confirmation.

"Well, yo'all don't need to be so fetch-taked anonymous about it!" snarled the speaker. "I don't rickol-leck dat I was so cadfounded much wus dan some o' de rest o' yo'! It 's all right to welcome de lost sheep back to de fold, but yo' need n't rub it in on him!"

WORTH WHILE.

LANGUID LANNIGAN.—Yer want ter practice de sudden-illness stunt, Tommy;—yer can't beat it.

TORPID THOMAS.—Huh! Wot did de sudden-illness stunt ever git youse?

LANGUID LANNIGAN.—Why, dis mornin' I tried it on a kind housewife an' she gimme a pony uv de smoothest patent medicine dat ever evaded de excise tax!



THE JUNGLE WEDDING SEASON.

CHORUS OF RELATIVES.—There they go! Soak 'em! Old shoes ain't in it with coconuts!

THE BUGLE GROWS CAUTIOUS.



"Y BOY," said the editor of the Billsville *Bugle* to the new reporter, "you lack caution. You must learn not to state things as facts until they are proved facts—otherwise you are very apt to get us into libel suits. Do not say, 'the cashier who stole the funds'; say 'the cashier who is alleged to have stolen the funds.' That's all now, and—ah—turn in a stickful about that Second Ward Social last night."

Owing to an influx of visitors it was late in the afternoon before the genial editor of the *Bugle* caught a glimpse of the great family daily. Halfway down the social column his eyes lit on the following cautious paragraph:

"It is rumored that a card party was given last evening to a number of reputed ladies of the Second Ward.

Mrs. Smith, gossip says, was the hostess and the festivities are reported to have continued until 10:30 in the evening. It is alleged that the affair was a social function given to the ladies of the Second Ward Cinch Club, and that with the exception of Mrs. James Bilwiliger, who says she comes from Leavits Junction, none but members were present. The reputed hostess insists that coffee and wafers alone were served as refreshments.

"The Smith woman claims to be the wife of John Smith, the so-called 'Honest Shoe Man' of 315 East State Street."

Shortly afterwards a whirling mass, claiming to be a reporter on the *Bugle* flew fifteen feet into the street and landed with what bystanders assert was a dull, sickening thud. *Horatio Winslow.*

Nobody who understands the law of prices will wonder at a man making himself scarce when he feels cheap.

Just because the good die young, it does not follow that a good girl has nothing to conceal. She may weigh 180.



SLIGHTED.

MR. LAKESIDE (of Chicago).—Curse all newspapers and reporters, anyway!

MRS. LAKESIDE.—Why, Jackson! What's the matter?

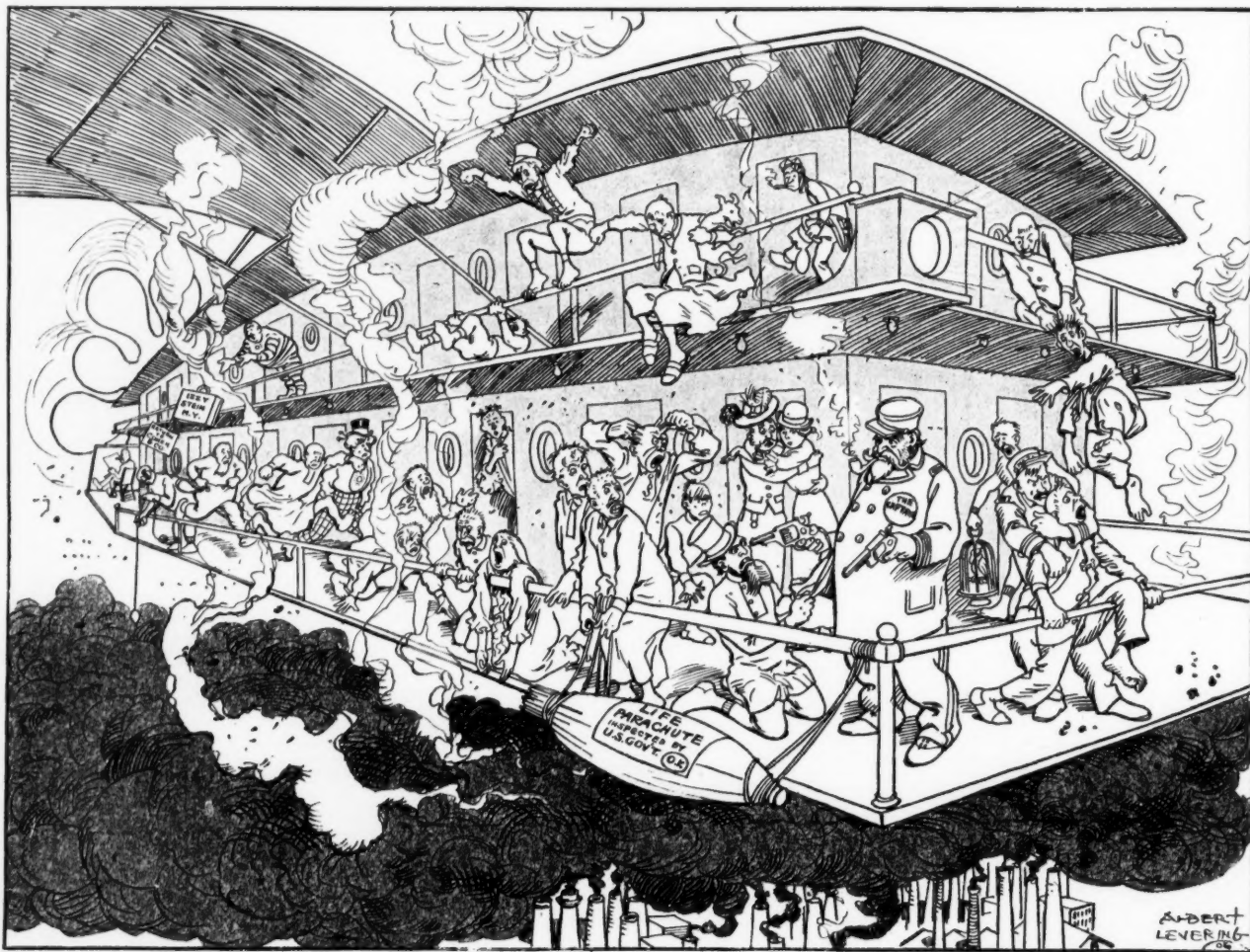
MR. LAKESIDE.—Not a single one of them has devoted more than an inch of space to my hold-up last night; and after me taking pains to give the hold-up reporters all particulars of my loss, the position I occupy in North Side society and my rating in Bradstreet!

No man but has light enough in him to illuminate the whole world, if only he will let it shine out.



"WHO'S FIRST, "





A FALSE ALARM OF THE FUTURE.

THE CAPTAIN OF THE AIRY FAIRY. — I'll shoot the first man who lays hands on a parachute! The ship is *not* on fire, I tell you! We are merely passing over Pittsburg!

ENCORE.



HAT memories it brings of sunny days
When Summer's charm made pleasant all life's ways,
And with it on I won the passing gaze.

What matter if a sudden shower came,
And, for the time, put out my splendor's flame
By soaking it till it was limb and lame?

The expert touch that marks the craftsman's skill
Would straighten it and all its hollows fill —
I wonder if he's equal to it still.

A lonely winter in the attic spent
Has it, I find, no added luster lent;
Indeed, it seems it's worse than ever bent

Let's see — Financially where am I at?
Ah, yes, I see. It surely must be that
Another summer 's in that old straw hat.

W. L. W.

THE REAL CONTINUOUS.

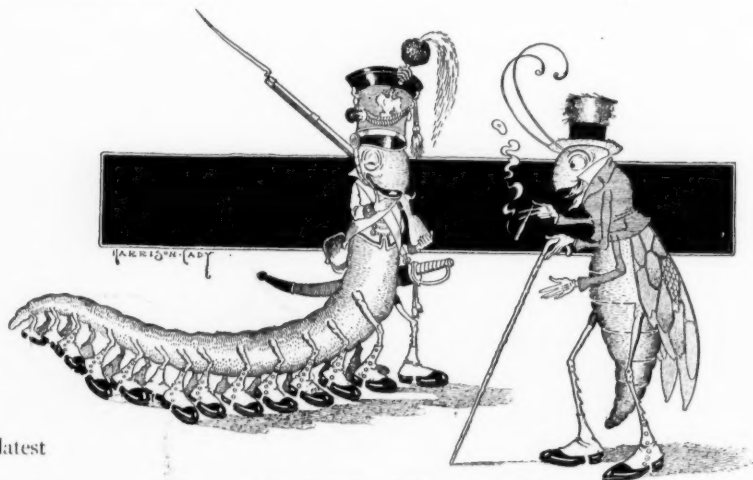
THE POPULAR-SONG WRITER (*at 5:10 P. M.*). — Heard my latest song, old man?

THE VAUDEVILLIAN (*glancing at watch*). — No. I have n't heard any since the one you wrote at half-past two!

REAL superiority is not racial, but individual, and it seldom has much trouble in getting itself recognized.

HIS FINISH.

"HE was born with a silver spoon in his mouth —?"
"Yes; but he met a chap who was raised with four aces in his hand."



HAY FEET — STRAW FEET.

THE CIVILIAN. — Well, how are you making out? Got the manual of arms down fine yet?

THE GREEN MILITIAMAN. — Oh, sure. My only trouble now is keeping step with myself.

A man and wife should n't take themselves too seriously. There's such a thing as falling out by sheer force of gravity.

PUCK

ON ENTHUSIASM.



THE dictionary which I purchased in a moment of enthusiastic determination to make the English language a matter of unconscious cerebration with myself tells me that enthusiasm is "earnest or fervent feeling felt or displayed," and then the definition rambles off into some fine print. This fine print is similar in importance to the seemingly innocent clauses printed in an insurance policy. Somewhere in that jumble of fine print I discover that the antonyms of enthusiasm are calculation, calmness, caution, prudence, wariness—and four or five other words that do not have such a complimentary meaning when we apply them to our fellow-man.

Enthusiasm is that manifestation of the feelings which when indulged in too greatly prompts us to doctor our own expense books. One may be enthusiastic over art, literature, sports, society or any other thing—but there will come a day when one will discover the background of his enthusiasm. Calmly seated in the background is the gentleman who is playing a sonata appassionata on the cash-register. It may be the fault of the age in which we live. This is called the commercial age, and truly there is no other human frailty which is so greatly a matter of barter and sale as enthusiasm. In making this assertion I do not refer to one's enthusiastic belief in the buoyancy of stocks, nor to his conviction that one horse can run faster than another, nor to his stubborn conviction that oil will be struck in a locality where the Trenton rock formation was inadvertently omitted during the rush hours of creation. I do not refer to the fervent trust that gold will be quarried from bluffs which exist only in the mind of the man who sells us the mining stock. I would consider only the æsthetic form of enthusiasm.

Enthusiasm, when applied to a concrete proposition, has the element of chance. Putting one's money in stocks or bonds even of the wildest-cat variety, at least gives the enthusiast the same chance which he has when he upholds his confidence in a race-horse by depositing a certain sum as a guarantee of his faith in the speed of that animal. A miracle may happen; he may get his money back. Yet, let us consider the other forms of enthusiasm: particularly that manifestation thereof which leads us to whoop and hurrah over foot-ball, politics, college oratorical contests, municipal questions, and the like. If one is an enthusiast, he needs must deck himself with badges. He must bear gauds and trinkets on his person lest he be accused of shortage of faith. If he is in college—even if father has mortgaged the lower forty and sold the bay team to pay the elevator charges into the realm of higher education—he must have banners upon his inner walls; he must have class colors and a cane whereon to entwine them. If it is politics that absorbs his enthusiastic energy, then he must blazen forth his preference by way of buttons, by way of badges pinned upon his vestments, by way of watch fobs of base metal, by way of loss of time and sleep. If he be a devotee of municipal ownership, or if he be a devotee of private ownership, then he must leap into the roaring tide of enthusiasm.



A BAD CASE.

THE OFFICE BOY.—Say, de bookkeeper 's in love.

THE MESSENGER.—How yer know?

THE OFFICE BOY.—Oh, it 's a cinch. When he sticks his pen in de mucilage bottle, all he does is sigh.

Fish or fowl, or good red herring, it is his duty in this age of frenzied enthusiasm to show his colors to the world.

Last winter I sat in the grandstand at a football game and thought of all these things. On my arm was bound a mystic piece of cloth which was decorated with the initial letter of a college; about my cane were wrapped two or three yards of ribbon; in my hand was a megaphone, likewise painted with the particular color chosen as the sign and symbol of that college; in my free hand was a collection of programmes, wierdly metrical yells, and a booklet of songs. Before us stood a shaggy-haired

youth who from time to time lifted his arms and beat the air, whereat we were forced to arise and chant in heathenish cadence the particular yell he designated. And, beloved, chiefest among them that incited us to uproar was a person in an ulster of the college colors, and with a high hat of the same enthusiastic hue. He was the man who had cornered all the badges, canes, colors, megaphones, banners and programmes of the day. Every ribbon that glinted in the cold sunshine meant so much profit to him; each yell that rose raucously upon the air meant so much more in his bank account. At last, silent, sullen, and soberly thoughtful, I meditated upon enthusiasm. I reflected upon the millions of political banners that are flung to the winds; upon the untold thousands of college pins, buckles, canes, ribbons, and badges that are used annually; upon the golden hours that are poured into the sea of lost time by those who listen to the unchanging arguments upon public questions. And I arose and went my way.

Now my friends look at me queerly and suggest divers tonics for my blood and nerves. They think I need ozone and iron and strychnia and beef marrow and malt. It is not that. Henceforth I shall be decently enthusiastic—but the moment I catch the gleam of the silver trappings of the cash register, then shall the enthusiasm die within me even as the sparkle fades from the glass of mineral water that is exposed to the atmosphere until it stales. W. D. Nesbit.



MODERN CONVENIENCES

MRS. HUNTER.—And what door is that? The door of the medicine closet?

THE AGENT (who is showing them through the flat).—Medicine closet!!! No, ma'am, this is the spare room!

From Soup to Nuts

Instead of a mixture
of wines, it is now
the fashion to
serve



NOT THE USUAL THING.

LAWSON.—Bjenkins still has eighty or ninety of that hundred cigars that his wife gave him for a Christmas present.

DAWSON.—Too rank to smoke, I suppose.

LAWSON.—Not at all. He says that they are the finest cigars that he has ever had, and he is saving them along for great occasions.—*Somerville Journal*.

100,000 PLUMBERS, PLASTERERS, BRICKLAYERS wanted in San Francisco. We teach you in few weeks. Union card guaranteed. Free catalogue.
COYNE BROS. TRADE SCHOOLS,
St. Louis New York: 239-10th Ave. Chicago

Wilson—

The only whiskey that places a complete, guaranteed analysis on each & every bottle—
See back label!

That's All!

THE ART PRESERVATIVE.

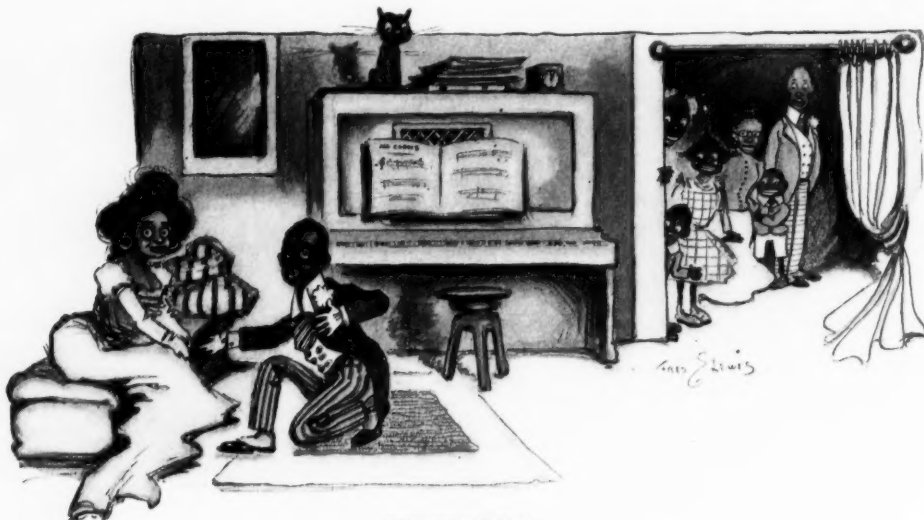
HE.—That Miss DeMure is a perfect artist.

MISS SHARPE.—Not perfect.

HE.—Why not perfect?

MISS SHARPE.—If it had been done perfectly, you would n't have noticed.
—*American Spectator*.

MR. WU TING-FANG'S prominent activity in Chinese affairs proves that he learned a great many things besides the two-step while in this country.—*Washington Star*.



CONDITIONAL.

LITTLE RASMUS.—He gwine t' be mah brother-in-law, Mammy?

MRS. COLE.—Ah specs he is, chile; if yo' sister keep her job in de laundry.

PUCK'S NOVEL AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHIC CONTEST

Can You Take a Joke?

And Illustrate It Humorously in a Photograph?

If you can, the first of PUCK'S Competitions, that for AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS, will give you a practical opportunity. :: ::

PUCK OFFERS THE FOLLOWING PRIZES
for the most effective photographic illustrations to the
joke accompanying this announcement. :: :: :: ::

First Prize, - \$25.00

Second Prize, \$15.00

Third Prize: A Set of H. C. Banner's Short

Fourth Prize: A Year's Subscription to PUCK.

THIS is a contest wholly different from the average photographic competition. We supply the subject—in this case, a dialogue—and you, with your camera, illustrate it. On the dress and make-up of the characters, on your posing of them, on their facial expression, and on the appropriateness of the background and accessories to the picture, which may be either indoor or outdoor, and in which as many figures may be introduced as is desired, your success as a competitor will depend.

The contest is now open. It will close September 1, 1906, as soon as possible after which date a decision will be rendered and the successful photographs reproduced in PUCK.

There are no burdensome conditions. It is not necessary to be a subscriber in order to be eligible. In competing, you are not limited to one photograph. Should you feel that a second attempt is better than a first, send the second along and it will be duly considered.

Photographs may be any size. This is strictly a contest for amateurs and by amateur we mean one who does not depend on photography for a livelihood.

PUCK'S PHOTOGRAPHIC CONTEST No. 1

Subject for Competition:

A DIRECT SLAP AT PROVIDENCE.

FARMER BARNES.—Hannah, I jest bought one o' them barometers that tell ye when it's goin' to rain.
His WIFE (astounded).—That tell ye when it's goin' to rain! Why, I never heard of such extravagance! What'd you suppose the good Lord sent ye the rheumatiz for?

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It's the proper thing to take Abbott's Angostura Bitters with a glass of sherry or soda before meals; gives you an appetite. At all druggists.

GOOD MORNING.

Day dawns, and bids the blushing sky

"Good morning!"

The flute-voiced birds take up the cry:

"Good morning!"

And nearer home, beneath the eaves,

The gnarled old maple's tender leaves

That shivered in the midnight rain,

Now whisper at my window-pane:

"Good morning!"

The genial sun peeps o'er the hill

And laughs across my window sill.

Eyes quiver under sleepy lids—

This is the King himself who bids

"Good morning!"

I rise and open the window wide.

The sun-kissed breezes charge and ride

Straight through the breach in merry rout.

And scale the walls and fairly shout:

"Good morning!"

They make me captive to the King,

They pluck at me and bid me sing

Their psalm to the Golden Day,

Whose conquering slogan is their gay

"Good morning!"

They frolic here, they scamper there,

They clutch the singing birds in air,

On all the world their music beats

Until the captive world repeats:

"Good morning!"

Heart calls to heart. The surly wight,

Who scorned his neighbor yesternight,

With smiling visage stops to greet

That neighbor in the busy street:

"Good morning!"

O joyous day! O smile of God,

To hearten all who toil and plod,

We hail thee, Conqueror and King!

We hug our golden chains and sing:

"Good morning!"

—*Catholic Standard and Times*.

SOMEBODY points with pride to the alleged fact that club women seldom get divorced. Of course not. The club woman needs a husband to buy new gowns and pay club dues.—*Somerville Journal*.

Why Doctors Say Drink Pabst Beer

Because It Is Clean, and They Know
the Importance of Clean Food
and Drink.

We have found by careful inquiry that doctors, in perhaps the large majority of cases, prescribe Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer because they know of its absolute purity and positive cleanliness. "It is the cleanest beer in the world," said one of Chicago's leading doctors the other day when asked about it. "What appeals to me," he said, "is the Pabst process, so very different from all the rest. We doctors appreciate sterilization and we are teaching the people in their homes the value of sterilization. On almost every visit we make we emphasize that. I have visited all the breweries of importance in the country, and I must say that for absolute cleanliness there is no beer to equal Pabst. I prescribe it in my practice and drink it myself."

In our own homes we insist most strenuously upon our food being clean. If we stop at a hotel or restaurant where the food or the dishes are unclean, we are quite likely to change boarding places next time. Are we as careful of what we drink? Purity is essential. We want the best always and especially do we want it if impurity or adulteration means harm. But is not cleanliness in the preparation of our food or drink of equal importance? We think so and we believe our readers agree with us that when we drink beer we must know it is not only absolutely pure and wholesome, but that it is absolutely clean. Pabst beer, as we said before, is recognized by doctors as the cleanest beer.

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BACON.—Did you get tanned while
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EGBERT.—Well, I got "done brown,"
 yes.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

NEVER tell a girl that eating carrots
 improves the complexion. You don't
 want her to think that you think her
 complexion can be improved.—*Somer-*
ville Journal.

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COMPLACENCY.

"Dere ain't nobody dat can't brag a little bit about something," said
 Meandering Mike.

"Dat 's right," answered Plodding Pete. "Take you an' me, fur instance.
 We never get mixed up in no labor riots, do we?"—*Washington Star*.

MARK A HUMORIST.

BACON.—Now I am convinced that Mark Twain is a genuine humorist.

EGBERT.—For why?

BACON.—He's begun to announce a farewell lecture.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

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MAV.—I'm going to the masquerade
 as a waitress. What would be an ap-
 propriate costume for me to wear?

JACK.—Anything that's "fetching."
Philadelphia Ledger.

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Devote a little time to play,
To mitigate your labor.
When evening comes, drop thoughts of toil.
Instead of burning midnight oil.
Drop in and see your neighbor.

Don't play too hard—it does n't pay.
We all should do some work each day,
To earn our bread and butter.
At least go out in your back yard,
And make a show of working hard,
Although you only putter.

First work, then play's the proper way,
As you have heard the wise men say,
And that's the way to do it.
He who to either work or play
Devotes his life, day after day,
Is pretty sure to rue it.

—Somerville Journal



SLOW.

THE LADY BUG.—And is your auto faster than Skeeter's?
HER COMPANION.—Well, I should say! Skeeter's is only
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BOUND TO OCCUR.

HUBBY.—Look here! I've been working like a dog all day at the office,
and I don't intend to come to crying children and an overdone dinner.

WIFEY.—And I suppose you think that just because you have been work-
ing like a dog all day that you should growl like one all evening! — *American Spectator*.

GORKY.

There once was a fellow named Gorky
Who landed one day in New York—he
Sought a hotel,
Where they sure gave him—well! —
He found solace in pulling a cork-y.

—*Milwaukee Sentinel*.

VERY LIKE IT.

"Mr. Upp," said the merchant, sternly, to Adam Upp, his book-keeper,
"I saw you at the baseball game yesterday. When you asked me to let you
off for the afternoon you said you were going to a funeral."

"That's so," replied the book-keeper, "and I'm pretty near a prophet,
ain't I? Did you ever see a slower game in your life?" — *Catholic Standard and Times*.

WISE DEDUCTION.

SOAKLEY.—It's all rot about late hours and booze hurting a man.
BILKINS.—How do you make that out?

SOAKLEY.—Easy! It's this sleeping that kills a man off. No matter how
late I'm up with the boys I feel fine when I turn in, but when I wake up in
the morning is the time I feel bad. — *American Spectator*.



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NO ACCIDENT.

AMBLING ANDY.—Could yer give me a job picking apples, Captain?
FARMER.—Why, ye gol ram fool, ye, apples ain't ripe till September.
AMBLING ANDY.—I know it.

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—*The Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

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—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

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SIMILARITY.

So swift a beauty fades away
That one may scarcely say it blooms.
'T is so with flowers from day to day,
'T is so with presidential booms.
—*Washington Star.*

ONE OF MANY.

MRS. WHYTE.—Is your husband even-tempered?

MRS. BROWNE.—Well, yes, I suppose so. Sometimes he's even bad-tempered.—*Somerville Journal.*

THE REAL REASON.

BUGGINS.—I understand that the Milhecks have separated because Mrs. M. had too much brains.

JUBLEY.—No, it was only because she tried to impress other people that she had all the brains in the family.—*American Spectator.*

COULDN'T BE IN TWO PLACES.

"Pa," said little Tommy, "my Sunday-school teacher says if I'm good I'll go to heaven."

"Well?" asked his Pa.

"Well, you said if I was good I'd go to the circus. Now, I want to know who's lyin', you or her?" —*Catholic Standard and Times.*

A NEAR DREAM.

"I understand her party dress was a perfect dream."

"You're wrong."

"Yes?"

"Yes. It was only the beginning of one. There was n't enough for a whole one." —*Milwaukee Sentinel.*

KIND OF HIM.

"No, dear," said he, "I don't intend to have you do your own work after we are married."

"Is that so, dear?" she cooed.

"Yes," he went on. "I have just been looking up your business affairs and I find that you are perfectly able to keep a hired girl." —*Detroit Free Press.*

COULDN'T SAY THINGS.

MRS. CHURCH.—Did your husband play golf while you were at Pinehurst?

MRS. GOTHAM.—Only one game. He said that was the hardest he ever played in his life.

"How so?"

"Why, he played with a minister!" —*Yonkers Statesman.*

RASH.

"What fools some young fellows make of themselves. There's Bjenks. How in the world do you suppose he got so hopelessly in debt in such a short time?"

"Why, man, he's been ordering new potatoes with his meals for over two weeks." —*Milwaukee Sentinel.*

THE SUM OF ALL.

"What does he live for?"

"The things of this world."

"And what do they amount to?"

"Well, he's got money enough to buy a coffin with gold handles and to have a funeral procession three miles long!" —*Atlanta Constitution.*

OF COURSE, even the girl who says enthusiastically: "Is n't that dear!" may have a little common sense in other ways.—*Somerville Journal.*

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QUITE CONVENIENT.

PIGGMUS.—I'm glad it is good form not to wear a watch with a dress suit.

DISMUKES.—Why?

PIGGMUS.—Because I never have both at the same time.—*Am. Spectator.*

EVEN the man who says he does n't care a rap what other people think hesitates about carrying a pair of his wife's shoes to the cobbler to have them tapped without doing them up inside a piece of wrapping paper.—*Somerville Journal.*

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BUNCOED AGAIN.

SQUIRE SKINFLINT (*from Yappington*).—Gol darn the lyn' newspapers, anyway! I often an' often read thet if yew offered a New York waiter ten cents fer a tip, he'd throw it back at yew.
 MRS. SKINFLINT.—It jest serves yew right thet thet villian kept the dime! *That's* what comes uv tryin' tew make a big feller outter yerself!